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CANNONBALL CAPERS



Sketches, Dances Smooth Skule Nite Draws Rayes

Because of scheduling difficulties, Toike Oike was put to press early this week and hence, we are unable to print a full report on Skule Nite. However, one of our men was able to see a performance and gave us his impressions. Watch for a complete story with pictures next issue.

Skule Nite 670 featured a fast-moving variety of music, dancing and satire. Included were an opening number for those who like opening numbers, an all-girl batbershop trio, a la Four Freshmen, for those who like cool all-girl trios, a chorus for those who like choruses, skits for those who like skits, and plenty of girls for just about everybody.

Outstanding were Arline Patterson's choreography, which showed a polished, professional look, and Gordon Staples' brash, though somewhat brassy, orchestra. Other music included the aforementioned barbershop trio and Jim McKee's chorus, which turned in an excellent performance.

Writers Chuck Wier, Bob Zacharczuk, Tom Rieder, Bob Richardson, and assorted others took pot-shots at a wide range of targets, including TV, Metro Chairman Fred Gardiner, Canada's rocket experts (?), and Simcoe Hall. Beginning with an anemic spoof of TV personalities, the skits got into high gear in true

Skule Nite tradition by the time they got to a sketch featuring a veddy, veddy British explorer, who is stranded in the jungle with his wife and playful manservant. They are saved from massacre at the hands of a group of ban-the-bomb African natives (nationalists perhaps) because both the explorers and the chief of the tribe graduated from Oxford in 2T6. Another skit concerns Robin the Hood, who collects Green Stamps so that he might someday regain his title in England. A third dealt with an associate of Werner Von Braun, who was able to sell all America's dud rockets to Canada, because the idiots didn't know any better. These were aided by such gimmicks as smoked salmon, a hoka pipe, a cat-o-nine tails, Chinese "No Smoking" signs, and some flashy sets. The satire in general was as subtle as a Russian ultimatum, but twice as funny.

Producer Bob Richardson and director Bob Zacharczuk made effective use of lighting and stage effects. The opening number had all the polish of a television spectacular, with Tom Rieder's music providing the necessary bounce.

With music and dancing as the backbone and satire as the meat, Skule Nite 670 added up to an evening of good entertainment.

Four Bands, Club Contest To Highlight Cannon Ball

Well, I see that the ball is little more than one week away. Just hearing the event mentioned around Skule—whether to go, whom to take, etc., brings back fond memories of my freshman year. That's when I went to my first Cannonball. It was quite an experience!

To begin with, I thought one could learn about "Engineering" only from books. I guess I was rather shy and as a result I almost didn't get to the Cannonball. The other guys were phoning for dates while I pretended to study. But having friends of the type

who insist that all suffer together, I found I was stuck with a date.

As in all fairy stories, my blind date turned out to be real, man, and I do mean real. The ball was a great success and I was having a whale of a time. We danced and danced and danced—and well there were three excellent orchestras there. So we danced. Then the tragedy struck.

We were invaded! The medsmen were upon us. Imagine my shock of seeing a huge medsmen cut in on my real date and begin to swing her around in tune to the music. And did they dance. That really finished me—with math books, I mean. I don't remember too much after that initial shock. There was some kind of

brawl, I think, and I recovered my real date.

So much for the Ball, I mean I felt sick about the whole thing. But I am a lot wiser now. My ticket says that the dance is at Hart House on Fri., Nov. 27, this year. Dancing is from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. and I hear everybody is going again. There will be expensive door-prizes and good engineering type entertainment. (He specializes in stags.) This year again, murals from each course will depict the typical engineer. There will be plenty of music and the Arbor room will be available strictly for engineers. I hear there will be another brawl with our neighbours but as I have said, I'm wiser now. You'd better get your tickets this week because they go fast. See you at the Cannonball?

Float Parade Beats Skule

This year our float didn't have a chance. Although we began to design it two or three weeks before it was built, ideas were slow in coming forward. Our failure to even place, this year was due mostly to our design. We thought that our basic idea of constringing Artsmen with Engineers was a good idea. For the great number of Engineers who didn't see our float, here is a general description:

The float was built on a low-boy tractor unit, which was lent to us by Aprile Construction Co. The float was divided into two sections. One half depicted the hardships of the Engineer; the other half the comforts of the Artsmen. The theme of this year's float parade was "Expansion, the ? of Things to come". We filled in the question mark by the word "threat". Our idea of the threat was that the Engineers would be forgotten in future expansion. On the engineer side of the float we had some hardy engineers in an outdoor scene. These engineers portrayed the courses of Civl, Mining, and Geology. We had a level and rod run by Fred Grant, Bruce Cowan, and George Tabisz. Al Gibson 671 was doing some tapping with a piece of 2x2 and

Warren Baker was our miner who industriously swung his pick during most of the parade. Our representative from the faculty was good ol' (censored) Ozzie Schmidt who looked more like a bum than a Prof. The women in the Engineering were represented by Amy Konchewski.

Well, so much for our side of the float. The Artsmen's side was supposed to be a classroom, chandelier, and all. Our brave Artsmen were Bill Scott, Mark Pearson, Stan Miller, and Pete Wilson, who was their Prof.

Actually the float wasn't much, but that was mainly the fault of the rain. We had planned on assembling our float about four o'clock in the morning and at that time it decided to rain. Our actual assembling of the float had to be held off until 6 in the morning which caused us to rush the construction. This year Bill Scott was in charge of the float and he wants to thank all those who spent the night in the Wallberg Building. Even though the float didn't win, all of us had a lot of fun building and designing it which more than made up for the effort put in. Yea Skule!



THE BOYS ON THE SKULE FLOAT WHOOOP IT UP

TOIKE OIKE

Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science
Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto
Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Engineering Society or its officers

EDITOR George G. Tabisz
SPORTS EDITOR Jim Thomson
BUSINESS MANAGER Ozzie Schmidt
THIS ISSUE Bob Manning, George White, James Bacon III, Fred Grant, Dennis Foster, Amy Konchewski, Jock Lyons, Ian Middleton, Al Virgin, Jim White, Hal Jackmann.

Etiquette

In the last issue we published Professor Hughes' letter regarding the serving of wine at the Skule Dinner in Hart House. Some intelligent research will disclose this to be a justified suggestion. Legislation forbids us to touch a drop of liquor until our twenty-first birthday. All at once, then, we are socially incompetent if we are not intuitively connoisseurs of the art of drinking. Before we are twenty-one, we are supposed to be unable to recognize the shape of a wine bottle, but once of age, we are to know whether a highball is a cocktail or a type of champagne.

Some enquiry and research discloses that there are no formal prohibitions against the serving of alcohol, but that the restrictions are those of provincial law. If these impositions are ever changed, then a great step forward will be taken in educating us, as well as in reducing the number of serious drunks. It is quite true, that people of European descent, who have grown up understanding the difference between the use and misuse of alcohol, seldom get drunk. Canadians are entitled to the same rights.

This is not a defence of the flask on the hip, or drunk parties; it is an encouragement to reduce alcohol from a horrible, half-admired, half-hated idol to common sense, accepted beverage. Surely it is not too much to ask for the chance to appreciate alcohol intelligently and in moderation.

O.S.

Integration

The Engineering Society is the only recognized student association in this faculty. Through its various outlets and branches, Course Clubs, Athletic Association, Debates Club, etc., extra-curricular activities are organized. Every engineering student at the U of T belongs to and pays a fee to it.

At present, several other organizations are striving for official recognition. The nucleus of these is the professional associations seeking student branches. They wish to exist as separate student clubs. Hence, in principle, they could also raise money, hold dances, etc. as does the Engineering Society. As a result, a chaotic situation could develop. Consequently their existence must be ratified by several faculty committees of the University, including the Senate.

However, it is our contention that such friction need not occur. At present, the S.A.E. and A.S.M.E. and I.R.E. and I.A.E.E. have student clubs under the supervision of the Mechanical and Electrical Clubs respectively. The arrangement has so far been harmonious. Could not similar arrangements be made with other groups?

The powers that be are investigating the situation and will decide whether such organizations can be successfully integrated into campus life. However, one committee has already failed to come to a decision and another has been formed. We feel that the professional associations greatly aid the student in his undergraduate career and give him an insight into the future. Consequently, we respectfully submit to the faculty our request to give their verdict soon.

We feel that these undergraduate professional groups can very well carry on their programmes, under the jurisdiction of our own Engineering Society.

Tomorrow's News Today

Joseph Skule sat in room 206 of the Mining Building, nodding his way through another 1:00 p.m. lecture. Joe was whiling away the remnant of the lecture by reading the witty sayings written in the inch deep dust on the windows; witty sayings such as "Allons enfants, les Iroquois sont arrives".

"Why doesn't the Faculty get busy and wash its blasphemed windows," Joe thought to himself. "Oh, well," he thought, shrugging his shoulders which were encased in his new Margesson's blue and gold Engineering sport jacket, "I have my own problems, such as whether to go to the history lecture next period. I'd love to go, but attending two history lectures in one week! Unheard of!"

At this moment the lecture

ended, in spite of the fact that it was only eight minutes past the hour. Running pell-mell down the stairs and out into the brilliant sunshine, he ran across the road, skirted the statue of Dagny Vidinsh (solid gold) and into P-135. He launched a few air-planes, waved at a few friends, leered at the girls present (only outnumbered 40 to 1 in the class of 875) and waited breathlessly for the lecturer to begin.

"It was the early winter of 1960," the lecturer said, "and the lights burned late at night in the Wallberg Building. There were those who suggested that such activity was the result of a thirst brought on by the Ontario government's recent crackdown on Liquor Control Act infractions. This opinion was lent some weight

The following are the minutes of the 5th executive meeting held on Nov. 3, 1959.

—Ted Belman, Alex Tunner, Jim Little, Ernie Kovacs, Mike McQuaid, and Murray Woodside were absent. (Field trips are very popular.)

—Al Virgin, Tony Simms, Bob Richardson and John Lawrence were late. (Fourth year labs are popular?)

—Frank Collins received a letter from the Undergraduate Pharmaceutical Society inviting us to send a member to their Fall Dance. Jime White was sent to be doped.

—The society received a note from the Shell Oil Co. asking the fourth years to visit their plant in Montreal. However, getting stoned rather than seeing Shell was the order of the day in P.Q.

—A letter was read from the E.I.C. offering interview instructions to fourth year types.

—Nina Indich reported that she attended the Engineering Alumni Dinner and kept the Dean company.

—Howie Malone read a censored report on his excursion to the Queen's Science Formal.

—George Tabisz was delegated to see Warden McCulley about the serving of wine at Hart House

on special occasions. (See editorial.) What a souse!

—Mike Dorfman reported on the blood campaign. 27% of us bled. Anemia runs highly in the faculty.

—Herb Brown read a report on the first General Meeting. 'Twas a popular but not crowded affair.

—Gentleman John Phillips suggested the Society make use of E.I.C. connections in order to obtain speakers for General Meetings.

—Dennis Foster told of his experiences with the "Christmas Belongs to Christ" committee. We contributed three dollars to it. (That's all they wanted.)

—John Fisher reported on progress of recognition of professional groups. None.

—John Brant "clarified" some miscellaneous expenses. (Treasurers live high.)

—Johnny Odell promised either he or Jim Little will report to us on S.A.C. activities at every meeting.

—We decided to have a joint meeting with the Medical Society. (B.F.C. will give us protection.)

—Stan Klich told of plans for the coming Auction. Cheerleaders!

Cheerleaders! Cheerleaders!

—Jim White suggested the bestowing of degrees to married students' wives. In case you didn't guess, Jim's hooked.

—Frank Collins moved that we consider enclosing the old Skule Cannon in the cornerstone of the new Engineering Building. (Hydraulic drills will be illegal weapons for Medsmen.)

—Herb Brown asked for help with the Grad Ball.

—John Brant moved we buy more bonds of financial security. The local financiers agreed.

—Frank Collins decided to invite Gerry Irwin, B.F.C. leader, to the next meeting. (What's up?)

—Frank Collins revealed preparations for the Cannon Ball are underway.

—Mike Dorfman gave a brief outline of the U.A. He wanted to hold the full report until all the money was in. (Guess he didn't want to put his foot in his mouth.)

—Jim White reported that the M&M Club's "moniker" be changed to "G. M&M", the G for Geology. Apparently, we have an unrecognized course in these parts.

—7:30. Meeting adjourned. Next time I eat supper before we start.

600 Pints; No Alcohol

The Red Cross has drained the blood from Engineers for another year and, strangely enough, found no veins containing pure alcohol. Over 625 pints were collected; 40 more Skulemen were turned away for various reasons.

Mike Dorfman, campaign chairman, revealed that this total is a slight increase over last year when six hundred were collected. However, last year's enrolment was one hundred and fifty larger than this year's.

It was also revealed that the Skule United Appeal and Share campaigns combined into one this year, may be falling short of their objectives. No final totals are available as yet, however, so that it is hoped that the goal will be reached.

by the sight of 6T1 Chemical walking into the building, groaning under sacks of rye wheat. The OPP responded by a "stake-out" around the buildings, and the Chemicals had no way to bring out the finished product. The accumulation of alcohol was put into a large tank, formerly used as part of the sub-critical atomic reactor, but pressed into more important service because of the emergency. The sight of all this liquor proved too much for one 6T1 Chemical, who jumped in the tank and swam around shouting "More... more!" He drowned, and it took three undertakers 42 hours to get the smile off his face.

"This tragedy was the beginning of the end for the LCBO. Faculty officials noticed that attendance at lectures for the fall term was only 20%. There was nothing unusual about this, of course, but the other 80% could not be found in their usual extra-curricular activities, such as elbow-bending at the KCR or making shower gin in some University Residences (no bathtubs). Further investigation showed that four fifths of the Faculty had transferred to McGill. In order to come under the more liberal regulations of our great sister province (no permits, no slips of paper to fill out, 40 oz. bottles).

"Faced with the alternative of having the cream of the University of Toronto disappear, the government threw in the sponge. However, what was now known as the McGill Quebec refused to return, unless Quebec-style liquor laws were adopted, and certain other conditions met. The government capitulated entirely.

"What was that the gentleman

Going, Going, Gone U.A. - Share Auction



AUCTIONEER STAN KLICH HEARS BIDS FOR JULIA McLAUGHLIN

Two weeks ago today, the notorious Skule Auction gained three more points in its struggle to be immortalized in the Hall of Shame. Prominent villains the world over have acclaimed this year's auction truly a great infamy, the third greatest in the century, surpassed only by the recent Canadian elections and the burning of the Reichstag.

What made this auction so stupendous was not the wholesale vending of human flesh. No indeed. Skulemen have long

with the red nose in the last row said? How come I know so much about the hectic events of late 1960? The lecturer smiled sadly. "I used to be premier. When the engineers came back, at first they wanted to lynch me, but then they decided hanging was too good for

grown used to buying their women at the Skule auction. But only at this year's auction, did one have the unheard of opportunity of buying a date with the Dean's Daughter, Julie McLaughlin for the Cannonball. III Mechanical outbid all others and walked off.

The other two government inspected specimens were bought by I Mechanical and I Engineering Physics.

The total take, rolled in by auctioneer Stan Klich, was over \$200.

me. They inflicted the worst punishment they could think of—a lectureship." He smiled once again and left the room. Of all forms of government, surely a democracy can inflict the severest punishments for the misuse of power.

CIVIL CLUB

The activities of Civil students are now in effect. Second year, for the first time in three years, toured Stelco of Hamilton. Fourth year has just spent four days in Montreal, taking in five (which turned out to be excellent) plant tours: Canada Cement, Pte. Anne; Wilson Concrete Products, Belleville; C.P.R. St. Luc Yards, Montreal; Canadian Vickers Ltd., Montreal and Place Ville Marie; Webb and Knapp Development, Montreal; as well as the McGill-Varsity Game and the city of Montreal in general. Third year has made all final preparations for their coming tours to the Niagara Peninsula, with Sir Adam Beck, Canada, and Niagara, U.S.A. power plants on the agenda. First year, however, is still looking for a place to hold its class party.

The Civil Club itself has now formed a schedule of activities and budget for the year. The first General Meeting will be held on Wednesday, November 25th, from 1 to 2 p.m. in room W-1035 of the Wallberg Building; this meeting will be of interest to all Civil students, for two very popular technical films will be shown:

1. DESTRUCTION OF THE TACOMA NARROWS BRIDGE (vibration and final collapse of a suspension bridge).
2. MOUNTAIN MOVERS (power development in N.W. British Columbia).

On tab for the future: fourth year is holding a class party at Caledon Farm.

until late Sunday morning. The asbestos mining and milling operation were very interesting, being different from anything any of us had ever seen before. The boys managed to salvage a large sample of high-grade asbestos to bring back to "The Digger". Presentation ceremonies are expected to take place next week.

The Asbestos Corporation kindly opened the bar before lunch for us, and the officials seemed offended if we ordered only singles. Therefore "double" (pronounced dube) was the word. This resulted in a few humorous incidents at the banquet lunch that was fortunately delayed in coming. At one point, Ed Hoshikwi and the French waitress were found grovelling together on the floor supposedly over a dropped spoon or some such thing.

The noon hour festivities resulted in the mayor's group missing the afternoon tour completely, so they went on to Montreal to "meet the people". On the way, a restaurant sporting three lovely waitresses and three more school-teachers was discovered, and the boys became a bit hormone-conscious. The trip was delayed an extra half hour but to no avail.

Officially the trip was over Friday after leaving Theford Mines, but since Montreal was on the way home, 100% of the people decided to stop over there. We arrived to find the other 4th year men on field trips to be right out of the old ball game, so the M and M men took over.

Montreal really warmed to the Mayor of all the People and his first lady. Several shows and fraternity parties were temporarily halted so that the people could greet the Mayor and his Lady.

(Continued on Page 4)

Electrical Club

Fifty four-year Electrical students have joined the ranks of the enlightened. In five short days we saw "life" as well as industry at work; e.g. 3,500 French Canadian beauties at Northern Electric.

After an early start Wednesday, we toured C.G.E. where we saw primarily heavy duty electrical equipment such as stators you could drive a freight train through. Thursday we walked along the massive assembly line at Canadair. The impressive sight of a 250 foot, turbo-prop airplane emerging from thousands of intricate components greeted us.

The production of telephone equipment, from the actual telephone to microwave repeaters was almost as interesting as the 3,500 lovely women at Northern Electric. This added stimulus enabled most of the boys to regain their fading strength to finish out the day, and face the week-end with a hopeful smile.

Saturday morning, we visited the Canadian National Telegraph's switching centre. The operational speeds in the centre prepared us for the afternoon's football game. (The lunch of the La Reine Elizabeth Hotel gave us the necessary energy.)

Although shaky from the three previous evenings escapades, the boys showed good spirit at the game. Our trophies included two sets of goal posts and other accessories. The dark horses (Swain, McKenzie, Vali, and M.L.T. Nick, etc.) were class leaders at maintaining good public relations with the airlines, hospitals and diplomats. Wow! (Dr.) Devis-Enchen-dia, noted Nuclear Physics Grad, was busy convincing a model to submit to scientific research. He apparently succeeded.

Sunday morning, a bedraggled group struggled through an interesting tour of the Hydro's R. H. Saunders Generating Station.

After arriving in Toronto Sunday night, the boys were tired but happy and ready to settle back into the grind.

Nagging Wife: Are you sure you'll love me when I'm old and ugly?

Husband (bristling up and snapping): Who says I don't?

M&M CLUB

Last week, from Tuesday 'til Sunday, the Miners and Geologists went on a field trip that covered most of Southern Ontario and Quebec. Three companies were visited during the Tuesday to Friday warm up: Bicroft Uranium Mines at Bancroft, Ont., Canadian Refractories Ltd., at Kilmar, Que., and Asbestos Corporation at Theford Mines, Quebec. All tours of these operations were well organized and profitable.

The migration from Toronto started after dinner, Tuesday night. An important stop was made at the little place behind the Dominion store at Bayview and Eglinton just before quitting time, and we were on our way. To set the right mood for the trip, there was a "little game" going in Bancroft that night. Things were shut down at about 4 a.m., when the supply ran out. "Maverick" Pritchard was found to be well on top of the game.

The boys looked pretty rough at 7:00 a.m., so, in an attempt to pick things up again, "Juke Box" Lewis treated us to a repelling rendition of "The Red River Rock". This ritual came to be a daily ordeal.

The Bicroft operation was visited on Wednesday and a few of the geologists got a little excited about their first exposure to underground mining. The load on the Geology Department paddy wagon was reckoned to have increased a couple of tons due to the efforts of highgraders.

Wednesday night in Hawksbury was uneventful, except for the attempted promotion of a couple of "jeune filles" by two of the lads. The adventure was summed up with "the flesh was willing but the French was weak".

After touring the Kilmar operation of Canadian Refractories Ltd., the paddy wagon was really riding low. Hot Rodder Yonemitter found this to be a relatively unimportant restraint however. We hated to drive through Montreal without ending the trip then and there, but we were glad we did.

Our stay in Theford Mines Thursday night and Friday, was the highlight of the trip. "Double Doug" MacKenzie was voted in as the Mayor of all the People, and the campaign victory didn't end

Mechanical Field Trip

There were strange things done in the midnight sun
By the fourth mechanical crew.
It may not be said

That the boys were dead
As they drank their quarts of brew.

The trip began
With many a man
Just out of his nice warm bed.
"All aboard," was shouted,
As we highly touted
Intentions better not said.

We walked for miles
In Dupont's aisles
For reasons not yet clear.
After pipes galore
On every floor,
We left in search of beer.

The fun was started
As we all departed
Intent on "making" a sight.
Few men were seen
Without a lean
As morning came to light.

The Chez Paree
Was good for a spree
But Kon Tiki had much more class.
After Romeo's, Aldo's,

And French Casino's
The boys were dragging their
mass(?)

To Canadair
With a glassy stare,
We toured the latest in planes.
The aircraft flew
And we did too,
In the company of Wallace and
Walnes.

When on our own
The coop was flown.
And a few dropped in at the game.
The night was hectic
The girls were skeptic,
And our actions were far from
tame.

A sleepless night
Left the group a fright
Then homeward we were bound.
The boys that were loaded
Found sleep not outmoded,
And snored with a riotous sound.

There were strange things done
In that midnight sun
That the girls at home won't know.
A good time was had
By many a lad.
It was truly a "really big shew".



ENGINEERING UNDERGRADUATES

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5" Slide Rules

Steam Tables and Fishtails

M&M CLUB

(Continued from Page 3)

The Mayor was a great political success, but word has it that he flaked in the clutch.

Others were also enjoying the happy week-end. A good deal of activity was going on around the Mount Royal Hotel. Drag Lake Thachuk and the Turner boys were found up to their old tricks, plying innocent young maidens with liquor. It was a little surprising to me to return home at 4:00 a.m., and find our friend Betty from the stores sitting on my bed. She didn't have any problem pads as a front either—as a matter of fact she didn't seem to be having any problems at all.

Things finally tapered off at about 7 a.m. Sunday, and most of us were back home and partially recovered by Monday. All in all, it was a top notch holiday, and we felt there should be more—say every month at least.

"My first wife said if I married again, she'd dig her way out of the grave and haunt me."

"But you did marry again."

"Yes, but I buried her face down. Let her dig."

THIRD YEAR STUDENTS

Information on

I.A.E.S.T.E.

is now available

— See —

Prof. Davidson**Room 36,****Electrical Building**

(International Association for Exchange of Students' for Technical Experience, sponsored in Canada by the Engineering Institute).

BASKETBALL

Jr. and Sr. Skule have been thought of through the past years as the two big Skule teams. It is felt this year, that there are enough good players around to form three big skule teams; Sr. Skule and SPS "A" to be in Group I, and Jr. Skule to be in Group II. Sr. Skule will be picked from third and fourth years as usual, but instead of selecting Jr. Skule from first and second years, this team will be assembled from first year only. SPS "A" will be built on second year, plus the cuts from Sr. Skule. These plans will be a "rule-of-the-thumb" only, and will not be rigidly applied. It is felt that this manner of distributing players will bring more Reed Trophy points to Skule. Sr. Skule this year should be very strong, with almost all of last year's team back, plus the main strength of last year's Jr. Skule team. Thus, some senior calibre ball players will be cut from Sr. Skule, and now will be able to stay in the Big Leagues. Also, Jr. Skule, as far back as anyone can remember, (and this is a long way for Doug Winter), have always been much too strong for the Jr. league. Thus, they will inevitably be weaker this year, but it is felt they will still be strong enough to win the loop. As far as is known, coaches this year will be Ed Rigby, Sr. Skule; Bruce Barrett, SPS "A"; and Jim Thomson, Jr. Skule.

A note to freshmen: Jr. Skule practices are underway. Watch the notice board for next week's practices.

Sr. Skule starts tomorrow morning while SPS "A" practices begin next week.

HOCKEY

There is a movement afoot to have second year play for Sr. Skule instead of Jr. Skule, but this is a matter that will have to be considered and passed by the Intramural Sports Committee at its meeting on Nov. 23. Coach for Sr. Skule this year will be Ken "The Moose-head" Taylor while Bob Dawson will pilot Jr. Skule.

Our consolations go to Bob Giroux, Blues goalie and 4th year Eng. Bus. man, who, while grandstanding in practice last week, foolishly tried to catch a flying piece of rubber in his teeth!! He, of course, missed and the missile crashed into his cheekbone, fracturing his face. In fact, it is rumored that Bob tried this stunt once before and ended up with the puck lodged in his wind-pipe! Rotten luck, Bob. But remember—practice makes perfect.

Boxing

Boxing has been called everything from "the manly art of self-defense", to a sport fit for animals only. The fact that boxing can become very unmanly was shown in one of the dirtiest and foulest three rounds of boxing in history, when, in 1925, two bantamweights squared off for 12 rounds of fighting in Great Falls, Montana.

The battlers were Billy DeFoe and "Doc" Snell, and referee was a townsman, Fred Andretta. The first eight rounds were savage but reasonably clean, with both men roughing each other up to the best of their ability. Each was aiming to weaken the other in anticipation of an early knockout. So rugged was the battle, that the spectators got the general impression that something vital to life itself was at stake between the two men.

In the ninth round, DeFoe landed a hard blow in the pit of Snell's stomach, whereupon the referee stepped in, awarded the fight to Snell on a low blow, and then announced: "These men signed to go twelve rounds. You people paid to see twelve rounds. Therefore, these men will resume fighting and go the twelve rounds."

"But what if I knock out the little wart between now and the twelfth?" DeFoe yelled at the referee.

"You'll still be the loser on a foul," replied the ref.

"You mean nothing will change your decision?"

steamed DeFoe.

"That's right."

A Bloody Brawl

The gong sounded for the tenth round, and the boys were at each other again. DeFoe's first shot had "Charlie-horse" written on it, and landed about 10 inches above Snell's knee. Snell stepped back surprised and enraged. He tore in and bounced two left hooks and a straight right off DeFoe's groin, but at the expense of three well-placed shots to his own groin by DeFoe.

Then Billy, to begin the next exchange, tried a left "jab", in which he jabbed his thumb into Snell's right eye! Snell now tried the same but missed. Bringing his arm back, he put all he could into a backhand punch to the jaw of DeFoe, who fell back momentarily, but came right back with a few more low ones. However, he was wrestled to the floor by Snell. The last two rounds went along in the same manner, with a few assorted rabbit and kidney punches added for variety, along with blows attempting to drag the laces of the gloves across the other man's face. These were about the only blows above the beltline. Some say a few knees were thrown in for good measure.

But Snell could not lose and DeFoe could not win. So it ended that way—Snell the winner.

Afterwards, DeFoe said in his dressing room: "I only made one mistake. I should have gone after the referee with those punches and ignored Snell."

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